

Alcohol is a Truth Serum

by averagescript

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Summary: Uhura comes home late one night to her shared apartment with her best friend Kirk, drunk out of her mind, and him worried out of his. Something clicks with Nyota and she comes to a realization about her feelings towards Jim. K/U

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**\*\*Author's Note:** Yup. I am absolute trash for writing this and avoiding my other stories. I just wanted to let everyone know I'm still alive and I will also continue to update my stories. I've kind of hit writer's block where I need more brainstorming ideas. But I have read a lot of K/U fan fiction and I love this couple even though they're never going to happen... I've still been inspired to write this! Let me know what you think. :)\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Uhura paused before unlocking the shared apartment door between her and Kirk. She thought maybe she should just stay at Gaila's and not mention what had transpired the night before. Ever since he had invited her to move in since she didn't have a place after her breakup with Spock, things had been great. So perfect that she didn't realized she had fallen for him literally until she fell into his arms.<p>

\_Jamming her keys into the lock, after five attempts to get the door open, her fingers finally twist the doorknob and she stumbles into the doorway, quickly reaching down to take off her heels, mumbling a string of the word 'fuck' enthralled into a sentence. Jim's eyes glance up at her and he is suddenly staring at her with a worried expression when she starts tipping over. He begins making his way towards her placing his reading glasses and the book he was holding on the table. \_

"\_Uhura. Are youâ€¦ okay?" He asks, catching her waist so she doesn't fall and pulling her over to the couch he was previously sitting at. She doesn't answer, just stares at him like she's seeing him for the first time and she feels butterflies flutter in her stomach for the first time around. Wait- what? He is sexy. More of an unpracticed sexy, like the way his hair is ruffled because he's been running his hand through it because of nerves, or how the tension between his shoulders relaxed the moment he saw her walk through the door and especially the laugh lines and crow's feet that mark his face. Jim Kirk is irresistible she is finding out, and the alcohol in her system is making her move closer to him. She finds herself gazing down at his lips. God they look inviting, because of his experience is he a good kisser? Slow and soft, or fast and heated? She suddenly is overwhelmed by his fresh smell of soap and slight lavender and she finds it so hilarious she starts crying. She's a very emotional cryer when she's drunk and her giddiness has gotten the best of her. He starts to panic, clutching her chin to make her look into his blue orbs once again. "Hey, what happened tonight?" His fists suddenly clench and he looks about ready to punch a hole in the wall. "Your friend called me so I went to go pick you up and couldn't find you, Uhura. I called you a million times. Are you drunk because of-"\_

"\_Shhhhhhhhhh," she whispers putting a finger up to his lips wiping away her tears. She clutches his shoulders and moves to his ear to whisper, "You've been using my flower bath salts, huh?" Kirk blushes, red spreading across his skin, and he brushes a hand to the back of his neck. She doesn't let go though, just moves her hands against both of his and entangles them together.\_

"\_Worrying about you all the time is making me crazy," he admits harshly letting his back fall against the cushion and pulling away from her touch as if she's burned him. \_

\_She grins at his admission and finds herself feeling hot. Kirk. Her Captain Kirk and her roommate stayed up all night because he cared for her. That's not unusual, but he'd normally make some crack or joke about her, and now his eyes are deeply concerned with a tinge of affection. Although ever since he'd said that, he's turned in the other direction, busying himself with the book he was reading. She grabs the book and throws it across the room. "Kirk, can we just,"

—

"\_I'm going to sleep, I've got a serious day tomorrow and it's already three in the morning. I suggest you do the same." He exhales loudly. "I, uh, left some stuff for your hangover by your bedside table. Good night Uhura." He doesn't reach for the book, instead grabs his glasses and makes his way to his master bedroom without giving her a second glance.\_

\_She furrows her brows wondering what's gotten his panties in a twist. They've done this before. She comes back drunk and he helps her clear her head by joking until she's sobered up, but this time she finally noticed something off about him. He looked genuinely sad. Had he always been this cathartic about her? She feels a wetness between her thighs and groans, clenching her thighs together for relief.. Her head is telling her to go take the glass of water and sleep, but her heartâ€¦ she has to go talk it out of him. This awkward dance they keep doing, maybe it's because she does have feelings for him. \_

\_First she heads to the bathroom to check her appearance. Her eyes are glassy and she checks out her outfit. Jesus Jim must have had a heart attack. Her skirt hiked up slightly leaving her legs in full view and her chest. Jesus. She's never had ample cleavage before, but her push up bra was doing wonders for her figure. Her face is flushed, and she hurriedly splashes water upon it to cool herself off. She takes her bra and top off and grabs a shirt of Kirk's off the floor and pulls it over her head. Much better. \_

\_Uhura's heart pounds harder the closer she gets to his door, but she needs to explore this once and for all. She needs to know if she has to pack her stuff and leave because of this back and forth tension. She has to know if she is finally ready to move on from Spock and if Kirk even wants her to. Leaning against his room, she takes a deep breath before stepping inside. \_

\_The lights are off and he doesn't move, but he knows she's entered the room. Can tell by the way the hairs on his arm stand up. She slips into his bed and sits beside him, willing him to look at her. "Jim. Let's talk I'm not drunk anymore. I'mâ€¦ listen I'm sorry." He ignores her request, moving farther away from her. "James, please," she urges, allowing her hands to align his face with hers. He finally acquiesces to her touch and their eyes meet. Her almond shaped magnetic eyes are bright in the room, and he loses his breath. He's always been fond of Uhura since the day they met in the bar, but it's only become more intense day after day in a way that makes him lose control. Right now he feels like if he even says one word they'll all spill out of him like word vomit. He's been trying to keep his distance, but ever since Spock had broken her heart with his lack of emotional availability, he finds himself in positions where he's drawn closer to her, when he should be looking out for her vulnerability and stability. He reminds himself of that now as her wine breath caresses him. Keep calm. But it's really hard because if he wasn't turned on earlier by her outfit, now it's even more appealing. She's strung out across his bed leaning into him, soft lean legs wearing his own shirt...Easy Kirk.\_

"\_I apologize about earlier. I couldn't sleep because I. Well, I thought you were in danger, but you were blowing off steam, I understand Uhura." \_

\_She rolls her eyes and crawls so close their faces are inches apart. "Kirk. Seriously. I want- you." The words just roll off her tongue as she looks into his cerulean blues and she just knows the words are true. She can't allow him to keep the wall between them anymore.\_

\_His eyes are wide as he tries to shake her words. Could she possibly? No. She'd been drinking and had even fallen in the living room. "Uhura you don't know-"\_

"\_Nyota. Call me Nyota." She says as she takes her hair tie out and her hair cascades around her face. Kirk feels his eyes roll into the back of his head as she places herself upon his lap and grinds slowly and excruciatingly drags her lithe body in a way that makes Kirk putty in her hands. He gives in, allowing his hands to reach under her shirt to her thighs. She came into the room without her skirt and he groans in realization. After fighting her for her first name after all this time, here she is allowing him to use it freely. Had she

really come in with the intention of being romantically involved with him. He tells himself to stop questioning and just allow it to happen. Especially when he reaches up his shirt that she's wearing to find her braless, nipples pert and hard without him touching them yet. He finally kisses her and swears that this is the best moment of his life so far.\_

"\_Jim please," she moans when he keeps teasing her by kissing her thighs. She grips his hair and moves it to where she wants his tongue the most. He doesn't disappoint. In fact she was wrong in pondering how he would be sexually. He goes torturously slow, taking his time inserting just one finger, pulsing in and out when he licks her clit. Her hand is so tight grasping his head, but he doesn't let her have control, just teases, "Tell me what you want, and I'll do it," while locking eyes with her until she begs for more. Which she does, stubbornly. \_

\_Her fingers are quick, moving to his shirt first then to try his zipper, but his hand stops hers. "Kirk, I-" \_

"\_Stop." He says, gaze intent on her while she lays on top of him. "I want you when you haven't had anything to drink. When you can remember screaming my name, and are ready to do it all night, Nyota."\_

\_She shivers at the way he says her name and how his intense eyes never leave hers. He kisses her once more before leaning back and gazing at her, then closing his eyes, letting sleep take over.

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\_She doesn't like taking no for an answer, but her head does feel a bit fuzzy, and her eyelids close on their own accord, falling asleep to the sound of his breathing, arms around each other. \_

She hasn't seen Jim since that night, she woke up early that morning and has avoided him all day. She doesn't quite know what to say, but she feels a weight lifted off of her chest as she opens the door.

End  
file.